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BRUCE GRIT DOING BOSTON

William Lloyd Garrison Disgusted with Factional Strife Over Baker Family Profits.

Explanation as to Monies That Do Not Explain—Boston's Picturesque "Day" po—The Transcript Square as a Die on Race Issues—Attorney Wolf Favorable to a Divided Vote—Lawyer Brown a Talker—Loafers Who Live on Women's Labor. A Breezy Badger. Notes and Comments.

Boston, Mass., Special.—I left Albany last Wednesday morning for Boston on the 9:10 flyer and reached the center of culture, and the habitat of the bean, about 3 p.m., and found myself reaching for beans in a local hashery a few moments after I left the new Boston "carlism," which is used as a depot and car shed for incoming and outgoing trains. It is a small (?) insignificant looking affair, built of granite, and probably cost nine or ten hundred dollars. There are twenty-eight tracks within the inclosure, and at night the interior is lighted by electricity. I don't believe there is another building like it in the United States. But Boston people were always different from other people, especially people who are unlike them. They cook their beans more brown, eat more codfish and fresh mackerel and chew more brown bread than people in other states, so one need not be surprised if they build their car sheds on different plan from other people's car sheds. They expect strangers to go into ecstasies over it on first sight, to swoon, come to, and swoon again over this matchless pile of granite. I say matchless because I have never seen anything like it in books, nor in my travels. Its a cross between a state armory and a convention hall. At first sight it looks like a reproduction in miniature of the famous coliseum at Rome, only this is kind of tunnel-shaped, and when viewed from the top of a big building looks like an immense wedge. But it is a substantial structure and promises to be here when the next Revolutionary war is "fig."

It is fifteen years this month since I was in Boston and except the rebuilding of the new "daypo," the subway, the erection of the Attacks and Shaw monuments (of which more anon) and the addition to the State House—Boston looks to me just as natural as it did then. The colored brethren and sisters congregate on Cambridge street in droves and argue and argue on different points just as they did fifteen years ago. They are just as hard looking and just as noisy with their mouths as they were fifteen years ago. The same kind of colored dudes and belles, draped in loud garments, with their hair done up in Ox Marrow or Quince juice and their faces plastered with pulverized corn starch, parade Cambridge street and Washington street just as their predecessors did fifteen years ago. I looked in vain for some visible sign of improvement in the methods, of his living habits and customs of the Negroes in the 9th, 10th and 11th wards of Boston, but they haven't improved on the patent. The freedom which Boston offers the Negro who is unable to see further than the end of his nose will some day prove a boomerang. He has got both hands full of freedom and he is just rolling in social and civil rights. When the weather permits, the ladies of the race spend their spare moments hanging out of the windows and gossiping with their neighbors across streets or backyards. Yet there are some mighty nice colored people in Boston, but they don't live in this part of Boston. These nice colored people suffer by comparison with the class I have briefly described; a class which is constantly in evidence on the principal business

streets of the city, that seems to have nothing to do but stand on the corners, talk politics and drink fighting gin.

I called on Mr. William Lloyd Garrison yesterday and asked him to give me the facts about the Baker family troubles which had caused several colored people of Boston standing on their heads and trying to spit backwards. He said: "Mr. Bruce, I am worn out, tired of, and disgusted with this whole affair. The colored people of Boston have made an exhibition of themselves. The several factions have been exploiting the Baker family for the purpose of making money out of their misfortunes. Entertainments have been given for the benefit of the Baker family. My name has been used by these people to attract a crowd and to play upon the sympathies of a generous public. These people—I mean the colored people of Boston who do these things, care no more for me than they do for the dirt under their feet. The influence of my father's name—the name which I bear, is what they want to help them along, and they have been using it for all it is worth ever since I took charge of the Baker fund. The entertainment given for the benefit of the Baker family by these people, have in several instances, proven successful, but when a division of the receipts were made, in each instance the promoters of the affairs paid themselves and all the talent most liberally, and then divided with the Baker family, sometimes giving them \$3, \$3 and rarely ever more than \$5. I am ashamed of the conduct of these people and of some of the ministers who have been prominent in this disgraceful scramble."

I started out to raise \$1,200 for the



INTERESTING FAMILY OF POSTMASTER FRAZIER BAKER—FOULLY MURDERED AT LAKE CITY, S. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1898.

Bakers and have succeeded in raising almost \$1,600. I shall try to run the figures up to \$2,000 so as to give them a small reserve fund. I have already purchased a house for them, and when I raise the last dollar of the amount I have fixed on, I shall turn the fund over to Mrs. Baker and gladly step aside. I don't say that any of these people are dishonest, who have been handling the Bakers, but I do say that they have not rendered an accounting to anybody showing what disposition if any has been made of monies received from the various benefits and testimonials given for the Bakers." The Bakers haven't received these funds—it appears, and it's up to the sympathetic (?) Boston Negro and Miss Jewett, who is said to have realized over \$800 showing the Baker family off—to explain the explanation they have already given, which does not explain.

Mr. Garrison told me that he would put a stop to this disgraceful business, by notifying the public through the press that he only is authorized to receive funds for the relief of the Baker family. "It is a nasty mess and it is due to the better class of the Negroes of Boston to say that they have allowed Miss Jewett and her following to get all the glory and cheap notoriety possible by exploiting the Baker family and playing upon the sympathies of the public. The best class of Boston colored people, be it said to their everlasting credit, haven't soiled their fingers with this blood money—nor interfered with the plans of the self-seekers and notoriety hunters who have found the Baker family almost as good as a gold mine. Mr. Garrison has good reason to be disgusted with the conduct of those colored people in Boston who have filled the air and the newspapers with the

echoes of their disgraceful "carrying on" over the Bakers and the boodles.

I had a very pleasant chat today with Mr. Clement, the managing editor of the Boston Evening Transcript. In the course of our talk, he told me that as a child he had early learned to sympathize with the Negro's lot as a slave and that he had blundered out more than once at anti-slavery meetings over the terrible recitals by anti-slavery orators, of the cruelty to the black man. The Transcript is the unflinching friend of the Negro, and is one of the best written and cleanest newspapers in Massachusetts. At long as Mr. Clement is at the helm the Negro will always have an earnest champion and defender in the editorial chair.

It would be a great mistake on the part of the pilgrim journeying to Boston, or through it to take his pedal extremities off its sacred soil without paying his respects to the courtly and dignified Edward Everett Brown, lawyer, gentleman, scholar, orator and hustler. I paid the debt yesterday and was right glad I did so, as I had the pleasure and opportunity of meeting and shaking hands with Judge Advocate J. H. Wolf, Mr. Brown's law partner, a most estimable and agreeable gentleman who is fond of the good things of this life, and who never permits himself to become excited. He is cool, calm, sagacious and a thinker.

I found that both he and Mr. Brown were at one on the question of division of the Negro vote, and was informed by Mr. Brown that quite a considerable number of Negroes in Boston divided their votes at the recent election. Mr. Wolf is an expansionist and offered some very cogent reasons for this faith

that is in him. He is a splendid conversationalist, and if it were necessary for the friends of expansion, alias criminal aggression, to place a regiment of spellbinders in the field to kill off the anti-expansion sentiment, Mr. Wolf would prove to be a dangerously eloquent and logical spellbinder. He is a very fine gentleman and I liked him much. He bears a striking likeness to W. Allison Sweeney and is a handsome man.

Edward Everett Brown, Esq., is a royal host, a genial, wholesouled, good fellow. He is working like a beaver on his anti lynching bill and has about 3 million of petitions signed, and stored away in his office, which are to be filed at Congress when his bill is offered. When Mr. Brown comes to Washington please give the freedom of the city and take him to the Grand. If he doesn't succeed in making a case against the white-livered, narrow manager of that joint, no man can. He is a hard fighter and he was born talking. He talks to the point and talks well. I believe Mr. Brown would rather talk than eat. He stands very high at the Boston bar and his proverbial bon homme makes him popular among all classes. I spent a very pleasant hour or two with him visiting the State House, the show, the Attacks monument and other points of interest, called on Mrs. Ruffin, (wife of Judge Ruffin,) who was out at her pretty home in Charles street, met and was introduced to Boston's famous tailor, J. H. Lewis, Esq., who is said to be worth \$100,000 and one or two other notabilities. Edward E. Brown is all right and he's making money and making friends—because he's built that way.

Passing along Cambridge street this

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THE FUNCTION OF LANGUAGE

Prof. George M. Lightfoot's Testimony as to the Utility and Value of Latin and Greek.

Influence of Grecian and Roman Civilization Most Potently Felt Through the Language of those Nations—Beauty and Sentiment Preserved Only in Original Tongues. The Classics Holding Their Own in Spite of Iconoclasm of the Age. Broadening Force of Literary Investigation.

At the Tuesday night meeting of Bethel Literary and Historical Association held at Lincoln Memorial Congregational church, Prof. George M. Lightfoot, of Howard University, presented an able paper on "The Function of Language." It was a most important contribution to the literature of the hour and touched deeply a line of investigation that is prominent in the public mind. The production was heartily enjoyed by a large and intellectual gathering. Prof. Lightfoot said in part.

In these days when all society is so much engrossed in material progress, when there is such a pronounced tendency to determine the value of every social force by its power to produce dollars and cents, when we have such spoken and visible arguments showing the far-reaching benefits which the masses receive from industrial education, and when time has become the scarcest of human possessions, it is no great wonder that those who advocate and support the higher culture are constantly called upon to show the value, not only of the higher education as a whole, but also of the various branches included under this designation.

In this paper I propose to discuss the function of language in the secondary and in the higher education. Obviously there can be no question as to the function of at least one language—viz, one's vernacular—in every stage of education whether it be primary, secondary, or higher; for as Whitney, the most distinguished of American philologists truly remarks: "Learning to speak is the first necessary step in every child's education and the necessary preparation for receiving higher instruction of every kind. So was it with the human race, the acquisition of language constituted the first stage in the progressive development of its capacities." It is clear, then, that no argument is needed to convince one of the importance of a thorough familiarity with one's own tongue as an indispensable vehicle of all thought. The burden of this paper, then, is to show the function of the foreign languages in the secondary and the higher education.

In our secondary schools and in colleges, the foreign languages studied may be divided into two classes: the ancient and the modern; under the term ancient languages, we generally include only Greek and Latin, though Hebrew, Sanskrit, and many others belong to this class. The modern languages for our purposes are made to include the German, representing the Teutonic branch of the family of languages and closely akin to the English, and the Romance languages which are derived from the Latin. The most widely studied of the latter group is French, though Italian and Spanish come in for no small amount of attention. From this custom of studying the foreign languages, it will be seen that if I can show the value of Latin and Greek, and of French and German in the secondary and in the higher education, I shall meet all the requirements of the subject.

The speaker then pointed out just how Greek and Latin became the most important factors in our modern educational system, remarking that only

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